

# A HONEYMOON EPISODE.

Character—Dick, newly married; Bonnie, his wife. Tom, a confirmed young bachelor.

Dick: How are you, old fellow? You staying in town? Bonnie: Just to see you. My wife will be down—Tom: I really can't stay. I thought I'd drop in to see you. You're looking—You haven't grown a bit.

Dick: Ah, Tommy, you missed the best part of your life. Bonnie: What's that? Dick: A home and a dear little wife. Bonnie: How long will you be gone? Dick: Just four weeks tomorrow—Just how the days pass.

Tom:—Did your first quarrel? Dick: Oh, don't be an owl. We're not the kind, sir, to quarrel and fight. Why, Bonnie always finds when she sees that I'm right.

Tom: We always think first of each other, and that's the secret of all happy marriages. Oh, bless it! But you a hundred, you'll both come to blows by the end of a fortnight.

Dick: A hundred? That good? Bonnie: Good, my boy, your ideas are all wrong.

Tom: Ah, how Bonnie comes. Won't you stay? Well, no longer.

Dick: (Enter Bonnie.) Bonnie: Why, who was here, daddy, just now? Dick: An old friend.

Bonnie: A supposed bachelor, destined to spend his whole life alone, all his young days; in short, a confirmed bachelor, going his way, unloved and unloving. He's only to thank his own ignorance.

Dick: Bonnie—Horrid! I do hate a crank!

Bonnie: So that's his notion he offered to bet that even we two would be quarreling yet!

Dick: Bonnie: The bet! You refused it of course!

Dick: Why, darling, you see, I thought a small loss would settle him. It really might pay to tempt him a little, dear.

Bonnie: Well, I might say if you think that your wife is a theme for a bet with a slow, hardy, stupid—

Dick: Don't fly in a pet. I don't see the harm.

Bonnie: Oh, of course you know best! You said that I was a dear little lass, and always did just what you ordered me!

Dick:—O—al—

Bonnie: Yes, when you want to. I haven't a word. It's like you—no courtesy—

Dick:—This is absurd!

Bonnie: Pray, don't stop at that, Dick, a little abuse would be quite in keeping with—

Dick:—Bonnie, you're a good girl. I won't have it! A saint would be tried.

Tom: If you found that he'd married a penniless child.

Bonnie:—I don't know, Dick, that you could be so rude, so hateful—

Tom: (from the doorway)—

Bonnie:—I fear I introduced I went off forgetting my case—a bad trick.

Dick: (blinking)—Well, Bonnie!

Bonnie: (weakly)—Oh, Dick!

Dick:—J. W. Tompkins in Life.

**A Delicate Compliment.**

When General Grant visited Japan he was received with great hospitality, and every honor possible was shown him. The Japanese hardly knew what to make of the somewhat grave and serious demeanor of the American, but by an act of graceful consideration he won their admiration and remembrance.

As he journeyed toward the interior of the country, he came to a deep ravine spanned by two bridges. One of these was known as the "sacred bridge," and was not open to travel. It had never been crossed but once. It had been formally opened by a prince who died shortly after the ceremony. The bridge was called by his name, and was not used afterward.

Wishing to do honor to General Grant, the authorities commanded that this bridge be thrown open for him to cross upon. His order was told its history, which he in turn told to General Grant.

As the party neared the two bridges, the general gave directions that his carriage should cross over the bridge commonly in use, and removing his hat he approached the sacred bridge, bowed to the official in charge, and turning rejoined his companions and crossed over the other bridge.

This act was received with a murmur of applause. The delicate consideration was highly appreciated by a people with whom courtesy is a fine art.—Youth's Companion.

**When Thackeray Died.**

It was at Willie's room, the old Almack's, in King street, Pall Mall, that Thackeray delivered, in 1851, his lecture on the "English Hamlets." In the vicinity of Brompton and Kensington his life as a successful author was mostly passed. Becky Sharp, on her marriage, retired to snug little Brompton lodgings, and in a cottage in a street leading from the Fulham road, with the romantic title of St. Adelaide villas, Anna Maria road west, old Mr. Sedley hid his head with his wife and daughter when the crash came.

There is a touch of Dickens in Thackeray's description of this neighborhood, "where the houses look like baby houses; where the people look out of the first floor windows most infrequently; as you think, sit with their feet in the parlors; where the shrubs in the little gardens in front bloom with a perennial display of children's pinflowers, little red socks and caps, and where little porter pots hang on the railing running themselves."—Chamber's Journal.

**The Formation of Heat.**

M. Lagrange has communicated to the Belgian academy a paper on the formation of heat in the universe. In this paper he expresses the opinion that, because any expenditure of work, the quantity of heat of the universe was nil, that the temperature was gradually raised above absolute zero at the expense of work done by attraction, and hence the formation of solid bodies must have preceded that of liquids and gases; that, through the gradual condensation of matter and consequent enormous development of heat, the earth would attain, at least in the parts near the surface, the state of fluidity necessary to the formation of geological characters; then, as the temperature gradually rose with gradual solidification of matter, a very dense atmosphere would form, with pressure diminishing outward, and in a more advanced phase, the temperature of this, after reaching a maximum, would gradually diminish, causing liquefaction or solidification of certain matters at first

vaporous, while other solid bodies might remain suspended in the atmosphere.

Briefly, M. Lagrange, in elucidation of the basis of his original and remarkable theory, as thus set forth, declares that space is occupied by two substances, namely: One, attractive, which is matter properly so called, or material atoms; the other, repulsive, which occupies the interatomic space, and from which results between any two atoms a variable repulsion exercised at the surface of the latter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Yawning Witnesses.**

A few evenings ago half a dozen men were sitting out in front of the Capital hotel discussing various topics, when Judge Yost, of the supreme court, in telling an anecdote of a trial, remarked that the witness yawned and he knew he was lying.

"How did you know?" was asked.

"Well, sir, I have seen witnesses lie and not yawn, but I never knew one to yawn that he was not telling a lie."

Judge Sims, the member of the legislature from Trigg, remarked, "Yes, I always know a witness is lying when he yawns."

Senator Dave Smith said, "It is almost invariably the case."

Judge Wall, the senator from Mason, came up and corroborated the statements of the others, and just then Judge Brent, of the superior court, joined the group. "When a witness yawns he is telling a lie, and he knows it."

Several other lawyers were appealed to, and all bore out the statements made. None, however, could explain the phenomenon. Judge Yost was the only one who had a theory, and that was that when a fellow was swearing to a lie he could not face the music, and his embarrassment found expression in yawns.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Quinine by Proxy.**

Not long since, said the drummer, I was down in one of the ague districts of Indiana, and in front of my customer's store I saw a native sitting on the horse block. He seemed to be suffering and I went to him.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Nothin' much, mister," he replied with a wan smile. "I'm jest a settin' here in the sun shakin'."

"Got the chills?"

"That's what, mister."

"Why don't you take something for them?"

"I do, mister. That is, Sary does. She takes all the quinine for the family. Sary's my wife."

That was a new form of woman's devotion, and I was somewhat surprised at its discovery.

"Thunderation, man," I exclaimed. "that won't help you any."

"I guess you're mistaken, mister," he said, with stolid confidence. "I've had the chills for twenty-five years an they ain't killed me yet."—Detroit Free Press.

**Caste Broken Down by Street Cars.**

Street cars in Bombay are mostly of American manufacture, and the promoters of the street car lines are Americans. When it was proposed, not many years ago, to start such lines Europeans prophesied their failure upon the ground that such common public conveyances could not be profitable in a caste ruled community. It was believed that the high caste man, who will not eat or drink from the vessel used by a low caste man, would refuse to ride in a public conveyance beside his humble brother.

In spite of these doleful prophecies the railways were built and equipped, and lo! the high caste man complacently pays his fare and rides untroubled by the side of any sort of man. The cheapness and convenience of the street cars were too much for even the hard and fast rules of caste.—Chicago Tribune.

**A Young Child Wife.**

The conversation had drifted to early marriage, and Allan Thompson, of Dubuque, said: "The youngest wife I ever knew lived at Fairview, Ia. Her maiden name was Ella Hotchkiss, and at the age of eleven she was married to a youth of eighteen, whose name I cannot now recall. I frequently saw her after her marriage playing with other children about the village, making mud pies, etc. About a year after the marriage a little daughter—a tiny thing weighing but three pounds—was born to the youthful couple. The ladies of the neighborhood then persuaded the child wife to don long dresses and quit jumping the rope in the street."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A Military Doubt.**

"Did you see a boy about my size round the corner?" a boy inquired of an elderly gentleman who was passing.

"Yes, I believe I did," said the man.

"Did he look ugly?"

"I didn't notice."

"Did he look scared?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Why, I heard he was round there, and I don't know whether he wants to lick me, or whether he's afraid I'm going to lick him. Wish I did!"—Exchange.

**Wealth Does Not Bring Happiness.**

Senator Stanford is the reputed possessor of \$20,000,000. By his own estimate it will be troubled in three years. He has made it all, and life is approaching the end of its activity. He was asked the question, "Does wealth give happiness?"

"No," he answered with promptness, shaking his head slowly.

"Happiness, after the ordinary comforts of life are possessed, does not belong to any post, rank or condition. Great wealth involves immense care. It is care that kills. It is care that puts me in my condition. If wealth is intelligently used, there may come a certain happiness from its bestowal."

"Then why this incessant rush after wealth?"

"Dread and better is the first essential of life; that is, the first necessary stimulus

to labor. Then men work hard that they may enjoy the surplus fruits of labor. With our standards of living and the products of civilization a little does not satisfy as a sufficient surplus. The natives of Panama, who can count but ten, will labor hard to reach that goal of requirements, but that accomplishment satisfies."

"Why are successful Americans seldom satisfied unless increasing wealth already great?"

"Activity has become a habit. They are accustomed to living faster than anywhere else in the world. Many men, too, are not yet educated to enjoy anything but the struggle itself. That education, though, will come in time."—New York World.

**The Great Tulip Mania.**

Soon after the introduction of the tulip into western Europe boards of trade (providing they had such things in those days) made tulip bulbs a basis of the wildest financial schemes ever known, engendering a speculative fever which went down into history as the "tulip mania" or "tulip craze." The staid Hollanders allowed their "little dikes" to become the center of this curious species of speculative frenzy, and for three years—1634-7—the recklessness of the dealers and the disastrous results of the "mania" can only be compared with the "South Sea Bubble." When the "craze" was at its height some varieties of the bulbs sold for ten, twenty and even 100 or 500 times their weight in gold.

A single bulb of the Semper Augustus, "not much exceeding the bigness of an onion set," was sold on the market for 2,000 florins. But this was not all. The gentleman who purchased it did so with the mistaken idea that it was the only known bulb of the kind in existence, but no sooner did he register purchase than another, "larger somewhat, but not big," was announced, and the poor victim was compelled to pay 4,000 florins for it or see it go to another. This he did and became the owner of two of the highest priced botanical specimens ever purchased.—St. Louis Republic.

**It Must Be Well Seasoned.**

The young couple had been married, and among those congratulating them was an effusive sort of a woman, who liked to hear herself talk.

"I do not," she said, taking a hand of each in hers, "hope for you unalloyed happiness, for that is not given to any mortal; nor do I ask for you the greatest worldly prosperity, for that often hardens the heart; but I do desire for you that the love which has sprung up in your young hearts shall be ever fresh and green."

A crusty old bachelor had been listening, and at this point he growled to his neighbor:

"Listen to that woman, will you? By jove, if there is anything in this world that is undesirable, unreliable, unaccommodating, unhappy, unstable, undecided and unimproved, it is green love. Bah!" and he walked away.—Detroit Free Press.

**A Natural Supposition.**

Gentleman—How do you sell these chickens?

Dealer—Eighteen cents a pound.

Gentleman—Oh, I thought probably you sold them by the head.—Harper's Bazar.

**An Opening for Inventors.**

An engineer has written to one of the dailies to advocate the disorganization of glass. He argues that since steel is made by blowing air through it, by a process reversed analogous glass can be softened into toughness and flexibility. He maintains that glass, which is not only much cheaper than iron, but much denser and tougher, can be put to any of the uses of iron excepting electrical conduction, while for drain pipes and water pipes it would be unequalled.

The champion of disorganized glass maintains that it could be used instead of tin and copper, and would replace iron for rigging and fencing, etc., as it possesses almost three times the tensile strength of the best wrought iron; furthermore, he regards it as most improbable that vessels built of glass beams and plates will eventually replace our present steel ships, as they would be stronger, cheaper and one-half lighter.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**American Inventions in Spain.**

An American traveler in Spain says that Yankee notions and the ingenious little inventions sold by our street peddlers are appreciated there. While walking in Malaga he saw women skirting across the street to get away from something. Making haste to ascertain the cause, he saw a man with a string tied to a tiny woman, which sought in vain to get away from its tormentor as it jerked over the walk. He repeatedly jerked it back, however, and the tourist was shocked until he heard the man calling out, "Raton mecanico Americano" (American mechanical mouse).—New York Sun.

**Cleanliness as a Luxury.**

Many rich persons, who give alms but never turn personal investigation to the subject, say, "At least poor people can keep themselves and their homes clean." They do not know that cleanliness demands money and time. Without soap it is impossible to wash towels or sheets or even faces and hands in this grimy city, and hot water is a luxury if you have to save every scrap of coal or wood. I have seen families, naturally inclined to cleanliness, go very dirty indeed for want of hot water, soap and sanitation. Ambition is expensive, too, and costs as much as many tangible items to keep up. I can imagine perfect apathy as to smudges and grime if I did not own a towel.—Chicago Post.

**How Tompkins Every Sunday.**

A somewhat eccentric man, a shoe-maker by trade, died at Darroon-on-Snow, Leicestershire, recently. On the death of his wife, many years ago, he engraved a tombstone, which read as follows:

"Erected to the memory of William and Sarah Swain, who departed this life in the Nineteenth century." The stone was then erected at the end of his wife's grave, and from that time until his death he passed it on his way to church every Sunday.—London Tit-Bits.

**HER HORSE SENSE.**

The Dealer Was Frightened at First, but He Mattered.

She was an independent sort of a girl, recently in possession of quite a fortune, and she concluded a horse was a necessity in her new establishment, so she sent for a dealer and had a talk with him. What she didn't know about horses would fill a livery stable, but she tried to make the dealer believe she was a judge, and told him to bring her something to look at. The dealer came, and she went out to pass judgment. She walked all around the animal critically, as professionals do.

"Is he well trained?" she inquired with the air of a jockey.

"Certainly, miss," replied the dealer. "She is well gaited and fine in harness."

"Um—um," said the girl, "is she all right in the bottle?"

"Yes, miss," gasped the dealer, "but you see I've only got shoes on her fore feet."

He said that because really he didn't know what else to say.

The girl laughed merrily.

"I noticed that, but you couldn't very well have them on her five feet, could you?" she gurgled.

"I mean, miss," stammered the dealer, "that she is shod only on the fore feet."

"I understand," she said seriously, "but that can be cured without any difficulty, can't it?"

"Very easily indeed, miss," assented the dealer with a great sense of relief.

"She seems to be all right in the fore shoulders, but her hind shoulders don't seem to be quite right," suggested the girl.

"There's nothing the matter with her there," asserted the dealer. "She is perfectly sound."

"There's no danger of her withers being spavined, is there?" she inquired carefully.

"I've seen horses like that, and they always made me nervous."

"No danger in the world, miss," the dealer assured her.

"How old is she?" inquired the girl.

By this time the dealer knew his man, and was confident.

"Being a lady, miss," he smiled, "I'd rather not tell her age."

"How considerate of you," she said earnestly. "I'll take her," and the dealer sent in a bill for \$250, representing a net profit to him of \$100.—Detroit Free Press.

**A Serious Accident.**

There's a man in Detroit who once lived in New York and some of the habits of New Yorkers still cling to him. The other day two women were talking about him.

"Did you hear," said one, "of the accident that happened to Mr. Blank this morning as he came down town?"

"No!" exclaimed the other. "Anything serious?"

"Well, I don't think he was hurt much, but he was seriously inconvenienced."

"You don't say? Where did it happen?"

"On the street car."

"What was it?"

"In a moment of thoughtlessness he gave his seat to a lady."

"Goodness me!" said the other, "did he have an accident policy?"—Detroit Free Press.

**No Need of Hurry.**

Sweet Girl—It's just too mean for anything! There isn't going to be any opera.

Old School Friend—Are you so fond of music?

Sweet Girl—No, but I think if there had been forty or fifty nights of opera ahead of George—I mean Mr. Nicellolo—would have proposed as a matter of economy.—New York Weekly.

**Baby's Grip.**

Irate Passenger—Madam, what do you mean by letting that brat snatch off my wig?

Mother (with a sigh of relief)—Oh! it's a wig is it? I was afeared fur a minute that he'd scalp't ye alive.—Life.

**Occupations That Affect the Teeth.**

Chloride of lime, employed by bleachers, frequently destroys the enamel and dentine of the teeth. But phosphorus, used so largely in the manufacture of lucifer matches, affects a very large number of persons, women, girls and children greatly preponderating. People who work in soda factories are affected by the teeth becoming soft and translucent; they break off close to the gums.—London Tit-Bits.

**Not So Much Work.**

Long—Don't you get tired of being on the road?

Strap—I did last year, but this year I have had more time to enjoy myself.

Long—How's that?

Strap—I am on a salary now.—Clothing and Furnisher.

**One Thing That Goes to Waste.**

"One secret of the Chicago packers' great fortunes is simple," said a resident of that city. "They don't waste anything. The meat, the entrails, everything is made use of, so but the squeal. They can't catch that, so it is wasted."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

**The Right Time.**

Kind Father—Children, if the clock struck fourteen, what time would it be? Logical Louie—Two o'clock, papa.

Clever Charlie—Time to get the clock fixed.—New York Herald.

**Delicate Tyrolean Handwork.**

A curious plaque work is done at Cortina in the Tyrol, of marvellously fine silver thread and tiny pieces of gold. The men and women employed at it work with strong magnifying glasses and small pinners, with which they sometimes fit into a single tiny leaf no larger than a current 100 pieces of metal. The

old thing about it is that men working in this way have more delicate manipulation than women, which bears out the dictum of the chironomists, who declare that large hands are best for delicate, small ones for breadth of effect.—New York Sun.

**Men's Shoes, which sold for \$2.00, now..... 50c**

**Men's Shoes, which sold for \$3.00, now..... \$1.00**

**Men's Shoes, which sold for \$4 to \$5, now...\$2.00 to \$3.00**

**Ladies' Shoes, which sold for \$1.50, now..... 50c to 1.00**

**Ladies' Shoes, which sold for \$2.50 to \$3, now 1.00 to 2.00**

**Ladies' Shoes, which sold for \$5.00, now..... 2.00 to 3.00**

**Children's Shoes..... 5c and upwards**

**Ben's Boots..... 10c and upwards**

**Unlike the Dutch Process**

**No Alkalies**

**Other Chemicals**

**are used in the preparation of**

**W. Baker & Co's**

**Breakfast Cocoa,**

**which is absolutely pure and soluble.**

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

**Sold by Grocers everywhere.**

**W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.**

**The Celebrated French Cure.**

Warranted "APHRODITE" or money refunded.

It is sold on a GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex, whether arising BEFORE or AFTER the age of puberty, or through youthful indiscretion, over indulgence, etc., such as Loss of Brain Power, Weakness, Neuritis, Headache, Pain in the back, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration, Nocturnal Emissions, Leucorrhoea, Gleet, Weak Memory, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price \$1.00 a box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

**A WRITTEN GUARANTEE** is given for every box ordered, to refund the money if a permanent cure is not effected. We have thousands of testimonials from old and young of both sexes, who have been permanently cured by the use of Aphrodite. Circulars free. Mention paper, address, and send for a box of Aphrodite. Circulars free. P. O. Box 27, West Branch, Mo.

**White & White,**

**MORTON HOUSE PHARMACY**

No. 96 Monroe Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is an easy food—it is more than food, if you please; but it is a food—to bring back plumpness to those who have lost it.**

Do you know what it is to be plump?

Thinness is poverty, living from hand to mouth. To be plump is to have a little more than enough, a reserve.

Do you want a reserve of health? Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 135 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do, \$1.

**SHILOH'S CURE.**

THE GREAT TAKE THINNESS, COUGH CURE, CURE FOR ALL BRONCHITIS, CROUP, SORE THROAT, SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS ON A GUARANTEE. For a Lane Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—\$3 cents.

**SHILOH'S VITALIZER.**

Mrs. J. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE'! I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used. For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cents."

Our line at this price includes Mellons, Mentholina and other equally desirable fabrics in all the latest shades, a perfect fit, first class workmanship, with sleeve lining and double waist, sage or wool lining are guaranteed. Be sure you are ordering an overcoat see the value we offer at \$25.00.

**SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.**

Have you catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will cure you and cure you. Price 50 cents. This Remedy for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

**STANDARD FASHION CO.'S**

**PATTERNS.**

Stamped Goods and Stamping

—also—

**B. S. HARRIS,**

Also Buttons Covered.

Telephone 317. 525-527 S. Division-st

**MADE TO MEASURE.**

How is it with you? Are you particular? Do you have your clothes made to order? If so, are you aware that our Merchant Tailoring Department can afford you not only a large selection, but a greater showing in price than you can secure at any of the ready made stores? Just now we are making a special showing of Winter Overcoats at \$25.00.

Our line at this price includes Mellons, Mentholina and other equally desirable fabrics in all the latest shades, a perfect fit, first class workmanship, with sleeve lining and double waist, sage or wool lining are guaranteed. Be sure you are ordering an overcoat see the value we offer at \$25.00.

**Men's Headwear,**

**Men's Furnishings**

**BORN,**

**The Hatter.**

**54 MONROE STREET.**

**WHEN A PRINTER**

Things that we want the best that can be produced. Our Book and Royal Blanket books, half bound and fine art, work cannot be excelled. News, Book, Job and all grades of Book. CINCINNATI PRINTING CO. No. 2 Home street, Cincinnati, O.

**Strahan & Greulich**

**ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.**

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**